Pretty Rock

by Spaceman Bill

Summary: In an experiment gone horribly wrong, Waspinator is twisted
into a horrible mutant. The Beast Wars will never be the
same...

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 Megatron surveyed the screen carefully. He was a bit nervous at
the time, something he rarely was. He stroked his chin whilst
examining the readings. Nothing of this sort had showed up since the
quantum surge. Megatron sighed and pressed a button on his throne's
console.
> "Waspinator, Tarantulas, report to bridge," Megatron barked. In
moments, the two appeared in front of their leader.
 "Megatron
have mission for Wazzpinator?" Waspinator queried.
> "Yes, what labor do you insist we do now?!" Tarantulas snapped.
Megatron only chuckled with a grin.
 "This is a very special
mission, yes. We haven't much time to execute it, though." Megatron
pointed to his console screen as he spoke. "A new source of power has
been located."
> "One that you'll attempt to take to your advantage and fail
horribly, no doubt." Tarantulas taunted.
 Megatron shot a glare at
Tarantulas, who just stood there snickering. "Ahem. This unknown
substance should prove useful to the Predacon cause. I also have
reason to believe that this could possibly be used in
transmetallization of our weaker soldiers." He pivoted his chair to
look Waspinator in the eye. "Something you've always wanted."
Megatron said with a grin.
> "Wazzpinator want to find power thingy! Wazzpinator make Megatron
proud!" Waspinator said gleefully. He was overjoyed. Transmetals were
durable. They didn't get blown up that often. Waspinator hated being
blown up.
 "Why don't you have your loyalist psychopath do it?! Or
get Rampage! You have a part of his spark, remember! Why are you
wasting my time?!" Tarantulas snarled.
> "Inferno is busy working on a new jamming station and Rampage is on
patrol. And because you operate your own agenda, Tarantulas. And

don't bother bringing up Blackarachnia or Quickstrike, either. It'll
do you no good."
 Megatron looked at the enthralled Waspinator.
"I'm appointing you sub-commander for this mission, Waspinator."
> Tarantulas growled as Waspinator happily switched to beast mode.
Tarantulas reluctantly transformed into his spider mode, hopping onto
the wall and crawling outside. Waspinator followed quickly, shouting
at him.
 Megatron smiled as he once again turned to his console.
He tapped a few buttons, bringing up Blackarachnia's face.
Quickstrike was behind her, working on a strange capsule of sorts.
"How is it coming?" Megatron asked.
> "It would've been easier to wait for a stasis pod." Blackarachnia
replied.
 "As long as it works, we'll do fine. When will it be
finished?" Megatron asked.
> "Any cycle now, boss! We'll get that thar Transwhazzywho done in a
jiffy!" Quickstrike replied.
 "Excellent. Megatron out."
> Megatron grinned. His victory would come. He almost tasted it.
Assuming Waspinator could handle he easy task given to him, it would
come.
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> "Wazzpinator is sub-commander! Wazzpinator goes in front of
Spider-Bot!"
 "Shut up. I don't give a Maximal's hindquarters what
your rank is or where you go!"
> The arguing had gone on for a megacycle. Tarantulas wished his
vehicle mode would go faster. He didn't want to listen to Waspinator
any longer.
 "Wazzpinator thinks we're at the coordinates."
> "Yipee. Let's get this over with."
 Tarantulas leaped up and
transformed in a flash of swivelling metal, followed quickly by
Waspinator. Tarantulas drew his gun and removed the saw, switching it
for a drill. Waspinator snapped out a scanning device.
> "Ooh! Wazzpinator find it!" He turned to Tarantulas. "Spider-bot
begin digging for power thingy now."
 The spider growled and
started drilling. He hated this sort of work. He needed a cool glass
of mech fluid right about now...
> "Spider-bot not drilling right! Let Wazzpinator do it!"
Waspinator kicked Tarantulas aside, grabbing the drill with a
chuckle. He thrust the auger into the rock with great accuracy.
Tarantulas was surprised at how well Waspinator handled it. He
quirked an optibrow. Had Waspinator only been PLAYING dumb? Before he
could contemplate any longer, Waspinator had found something.
> "Wazzpinator find power thingy!" Waspinator shouted. He picked it
up and examined it. "Ooh! Pretty rock!"
 The mysterious "pretty
rock" glowed eerily. It seemed to pulsate with power. Waspinator was
caught in its spell, hypnotized. "Pretty rock...ooooooh..."
> "That's not just a 'pretty rock', fool! It's an unknown source of
power! One that I could..."
 "Pretty..."
> Tarantulas shook his head. Waspinator must've just had beginner's
luck at mining.
 "D'ohhh, let's just take it back to base!"
> "Pretty..."
 Tarantulas sighed. He switched to beast mode and
shot webbing at Waspinator. Tarantulas then transformed to vehicle
mode, dragging the bumbling fool.
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 "Ah, yes. You've done well, Waspinator." Megatron said.
> "Yeah, an' he done got here in one piece!" Quickstrike taunted.
Waspinator nodded to Megatron, and flashed an eerie smile at
Quickstrike.
> "Yes, Wazzpinator get back with power thingy in one piece too."
Waspinator looked around at the room. Ever since the Quantum Surge
incedent, Scorponok and his "legacy" were disregarded. They were both
dead, after all. His entire lab was either salvaged by Tarantulas or
melted down to make more autoguns. But now it was even creepier than

before. An odd machine stood in the center, surrounded by keyboards and screens. It looked like a mad scientist's lab.
 "And now Waspinator, it is time for your reward! Step into the machine, and you shall be given unbelievable power!" Megatron shouted, in an almost psychotic manner.
> Waspinator slowly stepped into the open capsule as Blackarachnia and Tarantulas rushed to the controls. The machine slammed shut.
 "Wazzpinator worried! Wazzpinator wants to leave!"
> The machine filled with an odd, green mist. "Ohhh noooo! Wazzpinator wants out! Now!"
 "Insert the crystal!" Megatron commanded. Inferno opened a panel and carefully placed the newly discovered crystal into the machine.
> "Crystal inserted, Royalty!"
 "Begin the transformation!"
> Blackarachnia furiously typed away at the controls, as Tarantulas pulled levers, and adjusted knobs.
 "Process initiated!" Tarantulas cackled.
> "And now we spark a new era in the Beast Wars! An era of progress! An era that will lead to triumph!" Megatron began laughing maniacally.
 Waspinator felt the power of the crystal surging through him. He shrieked in pain. Pain that knew no bounds. He felt his body changing--and his mind was changing as well. His mind began to warp into that of a ravenous beast. Waspinator's body mutated into a hideous, freakish form of his old.
> "Something's happening! A malfunction! The crystal's having some mutant effect on Waspinator's transformation!" Blackarachnia shouted.
 "Tarantulas, deactivate the machine! Now!" Megatron bellowed. "Before we lose a Predacon!"
> "He's too far gone, Megatron. It would be a waste." Tarantulas said, emotionless.
 "He's still screaming, isn't he? Yes, he is screaming. He welcomes his new future." Rampage replied darkly from the shadows. The massive crab crawled out from its hiding. "He welcomes the new fury. Listen to him."
> The Predacons looked to the capsule and listened to Waspinator's outbursts. They had gone from fear and agony to blood-lusting rage.
 "Apparently so. But we must not take chances, no. Deactivate the machine!" Megatron barked. Blackarachnia pressed some buttons, while Tarantulas chuckled.
> "There. Powering down...now." Blackarachnia said as Waspinator raged on. "We oughta be able to--"
 "GRAAAGH!!!"
> The twisted mutant Waspinator burst from the machine, sending glass and parts flying throughout the room. Blackarachnia screamed, Quickstrike cowered, Rampage laughed.
 The freakish Predacon's mandibles were dripping with an acidic liquid. "Wazzpinator want wreak havoc! Wazzpinator powerful!" His voice was raspier, giving it an evil demeanor.
> "And you shall destroy all you want, Waspinator! For you are now a Transmetal warrior!" Megatron cackled.
 "Correction, Megatron. The process ended early." Tarantulas said. "He may have power, but he's only partially Transmetal. No third mode...but the transformation has not only increased his strength...but it has increased, well, every attribute!" Tarantulas looked puzzled for once. "It seems that Waspinator is now the perfect warrior!"
> "Wazzpinator perfect?" Waspinator grinned in a devious way. "Wazzpinator not need Predacons! Wazzpinator fly solo!" With a cackle, Waspinator switched to beast mode and rammed right through the base's hull, making his escape.
 "We've released a bloodthirsty psychotic. A killing machine, so to speak..." Tarantulas stammered.
> "Say the word and I shall destroy him, my queen!" Inferno shouted, almost with nobility.
 "No, Inferno, this is far too great a task.

It appears the Beast Wars have taken a turn for the worse." Megatron
sais darkly. But then he smirked. "But perhaps that's a good thing."

> "What in tarnation are you talkin' 'bout, Boss?!" Quickstrike
asked, confused.
 "The Maximals also have this problem on their
hands. This could be used to our advantage." Megatron turned to face
his legions. "In twenty-four megacycles I want all autoguns upgraded,
all weapons recarged and reloaded, and all units ready to strike!"

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 "Take a look at this, Optimus." Rhinox said. "That unknown
power disturbance has disappeared."
> "Megatron must've gotten it. No telling what he'll do with it!"
Optimus Primal replied. Optimus walked over to the main console.
"Rhinox, set Sentinel to full alert. Call Silverbolt back in from
patrol, and get Cheetor away from that area!"
 "Never trust a kid
to do a real Maximal's job!" Rattrap sneered as he walked into the
bridge. "He'll probably get zapped by some Predacon supah-laser gun
or somethin'. Why didn't ya send Chopper-face?"
> "You couldn't have gotten there any quicker, Rattrap!" Optimus
snapped.
 "The vermin is correct. Cheetor is done for." Dinobot
growled.
> "Cheetor'll be okay, fellas. We've just gotta--by the Matrix! What
is that?!" Rhinox shouted. He began tapping buttons, trying to
identify the creature near Cheetor's position.
 "Optimus to
Cheetor! Do you copy?!"
> Static.
 "Do you copy?!"
> Still static.
 "Slag it to the Pit! He's in a jamming zone!"
Optimus screamed, enraged.
> "We won't have enough time to get over there...Cheetor's on his
own." Rhinox said, upset.
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> Cheetor looked around, slightly frightened. His scanners didn't
pick up the power source any longer. He had wandered into a jamming
zone so he couldn't call for help.
 "Oh man, oh man! I gotta get
outta here fast!" He said to himself.
> Out of the corner of his feline eye, he noticed something. "What
the slagging Pit?"
 The buzzing, ravenous beast sped toward him.
Cheetor started running, but couldn't evade the creature. "Bug off,
creepy!"
> "Wazzpinator, terrorize!"
 Cheetor turned to see the twisting,
turning metal finally form the mutant, sociopathic Predacon.
'Wazzpinator get test drive on new body! Playing around make
Wazzpinator hungry!"
> Cheetor screamed as the monstrosity rammed into him. Shards of his
golden armor flew everywhere. The hideous mandibles of the demonic
insect ripped into Cheetor's spark chamber with ease. Cheetor felt
his body slowly shutting down. He was dying a horrible death.
"Until all are one..."
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End
file.